

APPROVED
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COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

Dennis The MENACE

No. 33
10c



Dennis THE MENACE



"HE WANTED TO FOLLOW ME AROUND ON MY ROUTE, FOR REVENGE, BUT I'LL GUARANTEE THE MACK WAS TOO FAST FOR HIM."



"THEY'RE RUFF'S FRIENDS SO I PUT EM IN THE GUEST ROOM."



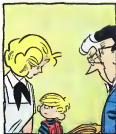
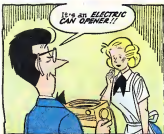
"RUFF SURE DOESN'T LOOK BROKEN THIS TIME, DOES HE?"

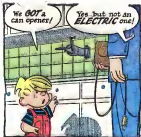


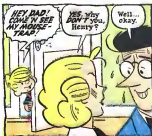
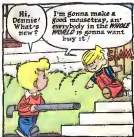
"HOW MANY BOTTLES OF CATSUP DOES HE SOLISH UP IN A WEEK?"

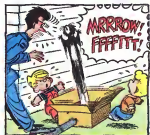
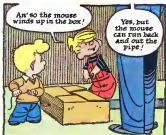
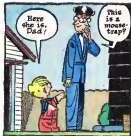
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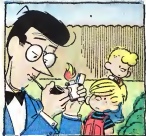
DENNIS'S *New Kick...* GET RICH QUICK!



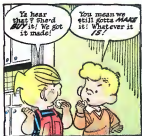
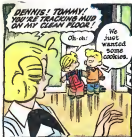






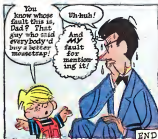
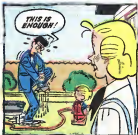






SO THEY MADE IT... AND....







COLORING TIME!



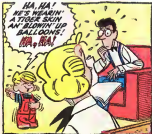
"NO, HONEY. THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN
WHEN I SAY WE DON'T SEE EYE TO EYE."

HOLD THAT TIGER!





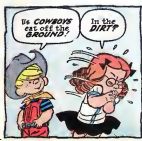


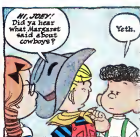


MISBEHAVIOR









"LEFTY"



JIM FONDA glanced at one man on first. The runner was sticking close to the bag against Jim, a southpaw. Then Jim looked down the slot at the batter, Bill Cram, heavy-set and scowling. A switch-hitter, Cram was batting right-handed.

"Cram — put one over!" he jeered. "Lemme finish the game!"

Jim knew he could do just that. It was the bottom of the ninth of a practice game between the first and second string teams of Jenkins High. The score was 8 to 7, the tying run was on first, and Cram, a vicious long-ball hitter, could win the game. Jim wiped his forehead. The count was three and two. He had to pitch his best ball, a fast-breaking curve — but would it break just right to catch the corner of the plate? He had pitched the whole game; his arm was trembling with weariness.

"Gonna chicken out?" Cram called. "Gonna walk me?"

Jim shook his head — not at Cram, but at his catcher's signal. And again he shook it, until the sign came for his curve. Then he took a deep breath, wound up, and threw.

"You're out!" Mr. Heath, the umpire, pulled off his mask and pad — and Cram was on him like an angry bull.

"Out!" he roared. "That was a ball, and you know it!"

"No discussion, Cram," Mr. Heath said qui-

etly. "That was a beautiful curve, just catching the plate. Game's over."

"Beautiful curve? A beautiful guy, you mean! I quit the team!" And with that, Bill Cram trotted grimly toward the locker room.

Mr. Heath sighed. "I'm afraid Cram is a poor sport — as well as a poor student," he told Jim as they walked toward the locker room. Mr. Heath was business superintendent of the school, and Jim worked in his office after school hours.

"It's too bad," Jim said. "We sure could use him on the team. Gee, it was only a practice game among ourselves! I guess he'd really cause trouble if we were playing another school, and he acted like that!"

As they entered the locker room with the rest of the team, Cram had already changed, and was slipping his watch on his hairy right wrist. Jim went up to him and put out his hand.

"Let's shake and forget it — okay, Bill? We need you on the team!"

"Fine way you show it," Cram sneered, "getting your buddy Heath to call me out. I'm through with this sissy stuff — I gotta get in more time at the pool table, where I can make some dough!" He pulled out a notebook, glanced down a page, and made a check mark on the left hand margin. "I got a pigeon lined up — Weasel Gomez. Bet I take him for five bucks — with no crooked umpire to chisel me out of it!"

And he swaggered out past the white-faced Mr. Heath.

While Jim showered and changed, then listened to the coach's talk about their practice game, he kept thinking about Bill Cram. Jim had heard something about the gang Cram hung out with at the pool hall, and what he heard wasn't too good. None of the fellows had actually been in trouble, but all had come mighty close to it. If only Cram could turn his toughness toward hard work at school, and on the team . . .

Jim mentioned this to Mr. Heath as they walked toward the superintendent's office after the meeting.

"I feel the same as you do, Jim," Mr. Heath



needed. "Right now, Gram's at the point where one push could make him turn bad — or good. He . . . What's that?"

"Smoke!" Jim cried. And it was smoke, seeping out under the door of the superintendent's office. Throwing open the door, Jim saw the source — a blaze leaping from the waste basket beside Mr. Heath's desk. Grabbing the water bottle, he emptied it into the basket, and the flames went out.

"Phew!" Jim said. "That was close. Looks like we caught it before it did any damage."

"I'm afraid there has been damage done," Mr. Heath said. "Look here!"

Jim stared. A drawer in Mr. Heath's desk had been broken open — the drawer that held the petty cash strongbox. And the strongbox had been forced open, too. It was empty.

Grimly, Mr. Heath picked up the phone, reversed it, and said: "Get me the police!"

While Mr. Heath was waiting for his connection, Jim studied the top of the desk, frowning. Mr. Heath didn't smoke, yet there was a pack of book matches on the desk, evidently dropped there by the burglar. And Mr. Heath's name was scrawled on the scratch pad in a violent backhand — but it was not Mr. Heath's writing. Then, Jim knew!

"Mr. Heath! Hang up — please!"

The superintendent frowned, but did so. Jim began to talk, and as Mr. Heath listened, he began to nod in agreement. "You may be right. But this is still a police matter?"

"Maybe not, Mr. Heath!" Jim said. "Let's see what we can do, first!" He found the number of the Bluebird Pool Hall, reversed the phone, and dialed the number.

When Bill Cram entered the office, he was followed by a shabby, shifty-eyed boy who lived up to Cram's introduction: "This is my pal, Wessal Gogon. What's cookin'?"

Mr. Heath pointed to the damaged desk, the empty strongbox. "Just this, Cram. What do you know about it?"

Cram shrugged. "Me? What would I know? I've been playin' pool with Wessal here, since right after the game. Right, Wessal?"

"Check! Bill got to the pool hall at quarter after four. Your game ended at four, he says." His little eyes shifted craftily from Mr. Heath to Jim. "Could be change, bust open that desk and box, and get to the pool hall in fifteen minutes?"

"No, he couldn't," Jim said. He faced Cram. "So — you called your friend from here right after the game, told him to sliki for you, and took your time doing the job here."

Wessal chuckled nastily. "Sounds like you're training to be a copper. Prove it, wise guy?"

Catching Cram by surprise, Jim tossed him the packet of matches from the desk. "Okay — light one!" he ordered.

Cram glanced suspiciously from Jim to the charred waste basket, then he shrugged, and

struck a match. "So what?" he asked. "Anybody can light a match!"

"Not just like this, though!" Jim showed him the matchbook. Several matches had been torn from the left hand side, but none from the right. "Only a left-handed person tears matches from the left side, Bill. You're a switch-kicker, but you must be naturally left-handed. You wear your watch on your right wrist, like I do — like all left-handed people. And when Mr. Heath picked up the phone a while ago, to call the police, it was turned around, the way a left-handed person does so that he can dial with his left hand. The way you dialed your friend here!"

"Wait a minute!" Cram protested, alarmed. "There's lots of left-handed guys in school!"

"Not one who was mad at Mr. Heath right after the game, though!" Jim showed him the scratch pad. "You scuffed his name on the pad while you were phoning Wessal — and the writing is backhand! Now, do you want us to check the handwriting against your exam papers?"



Cram licked his lips. "No — I did it. I just didn't . . ." Then his eyes went past Jim. "Duck!" he yelled.

Jim swung aside, just in time to avoid a vicious rabbit punch. Then Cram was grappling with Wessal.

"All right, you yellow punk!" Cram clamped a hammer lock on his pool hall friend. "I've been fed up with you and the gang for a long time, but when you try to sling one of 'em toes from behind . . ."

Mr. Heath stepped between them. "Take off, Wessal!" he snapped, and the boy slunk out. Mr. Heath turned to Cram. "One of your team, you said, Bill, I think you're going to be all right. I-don't blame you for losing your head about the game, and I'm sure you can make up this damage."

"You bet I will!" Cram said. "Here's the muzzy I took, and I'll make up for the rest — don't worry!"

"I believe you," the superintendent said. "Now, you two southpaws! There's one thing all left-handed people do right-handed, and I want you to do it right now!"

"What's that," they asked, puzzled. And they both grinned as Mr. Heath said:

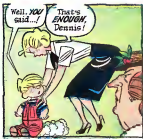
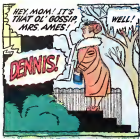
"Shake hands!"

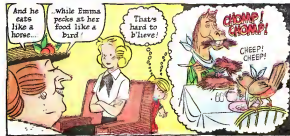
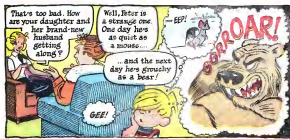
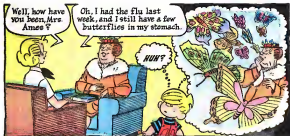
Speech ARGUMENT

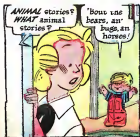
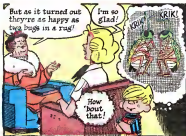
TALK **YAK YAK YAK** Debate

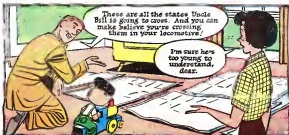
DISCUSSION Conversation TALK Gossip



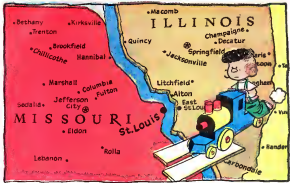








THIS IS A WIDE RIVER, THE MISSISSIPPI, AND YOU'D CROSS ON A BIG BRIDGE...



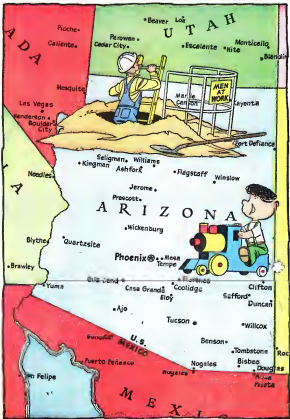
... AND HERE'S WHERE THE OIL WE USE IN THE CAR COMES RIGHT OUT OF THE GROUND!



... YOU'D SEE COWBOYS IN TEXAS, AND INDIANS IN NEW MEXICO



...THEN YOU'D SEE THE GRAND CANYON, A GREAT BIG HOLE IN THE GROUND....



NEVADA

Utah

•Beaver Lake
 •Panguitch
 •Cedar City
 •Escalante
 •Alton
 •Monticello
 •Hite
 •Blanchett

Las Vegas
 •Henderson
 •Boulder City
 •Mesquite



•Cayentia
 •Fort Defiance

ARIZONA

YUMA

•Blythe
 •Brawley

•Yuma

•Seligman
 •Williams
 •Kingman
 •Ashfork
 •Flagstaff
 •Winslow

•Jerome

•Prescott

ARIZONA

•Mickenburg

•Quartzsite

Phoenix
 •Mesa
 •Tempe



•Gila Bend

•Casa Grande

•Florence

•Coolidge

•Clifton

•Safford

•Duncan

•Ajo

•Tucson

•Willcox

•Somerton

U.S.

•Benson

•Tombstone

•Reed

•Ft. Huachuca

•Nogales

•Bisbee

•Douglas

•San Felipe

•Nogales

•Aguila

•Punta Prieta

MEXICO

... AND FINALLY YOU'D GET TO CALIFORNIA, WHERE THEY GROW LOTS OF ORANGES...





CRASH



SHORT and SNAPPY



OKAY! I'll find some *NICE LADY* to fix me some breakfast!



SLAM

SOME NICE LADY!!

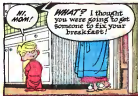


DENNIS!
COME BACK HERE!



HI, MOM!

WHAT? I thought you were going to get someone to fix your breakfast!



I DID!
YOU!



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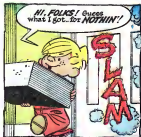
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WHO'S ZOO?





IN
30
MINUTES



Dennis THE MENACE



"IT'S FILLED WITH CANDY!"



"MY AUNT'S CREATION!" I THOUGHT IT WAS LOSE!"



"YEAH, BUT LOOK HOW CLEAN MY HANDS ARE!
YOU CAN'T HAVE *EVERYTHING!*"



"DICK UPON A TREE THERE WAS A GRAMP LITTLE BOY
NAMED DENNIS..."

Imagine "Touring" ITALY

for only **10¢**



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10¢ for the demonstration kit. No obligation. But if you are delighted and wish to continue, you pay only \$1 for each month's cost; you may cancel at any time. American Geographical Society's Around the World Program, Dept. 74747, Garden City, N. Y.

In order to receive these you are enclosing the other 10¢ to cover the postage in the United States. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

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(Total Value \$3.00)

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2. The album to hold in which to mount your pictures. Also included are 10 Italy 10-cent prints, color legends, famous landmarks, natural wonders etc.
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THIS COUPON WORTH \$3.00

Around the World Program
Dept. 74747, Garden City, N. Y.

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Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____
I enclose 10¢ with this coupon and will receive my introductory program including a 1) the spectacular "giant" world map, 2) the album to hold in which to mount my full-color photographs and 3) the 24 full-color prints of the world.